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EIGHTH ARMY CORPS BALLADS

BY

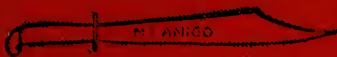
G. GARNET GROVES

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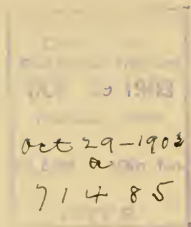
G. G. Groves
Spanaway, Wash.

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BY

G. GARNET GROVES

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BY G. GARNET GROVES

WESTERN BLANK BOOK COMPANY
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

a.m.p. 8 June, 1932

PRELUDE

*Comrades of days that are gone—
Friends of to-day I know;—
So long as the tie remains,
The stronger that tie shall grow.*

*Let us search thro' an old campaign
For the sorrow and mirth we wrought,
The lives that shine beyond the brine
In lands we dearly bought.*

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Eighth Army Corps Ballads

WHERE I WOULD BE.

There is something in the spring time,
In them spicy tropic smells,
In the jungle and the rice-field,
In the twilight of the dells:
That is calling, calling, calling,
And it's there that I would be,
On the beach at Paranaque,
Looking lazy out to sea.

There the winds are in the palm trees,
I can hear them to this day.
They are calling to the breakers,
And I wonder what they say:
They are calling, calling, calling,
And it's there that I would stay,
By the mangos and the cocos,
Looking out across the bay.

There's a girl down on the calla,
Like the sunshine and the dew,
Her lips were made for kisses.
But she ain't got none for you:
And her heart is sad with waiting
For a Yankee soldier lad,
But he's gone—and gone forever—
With a promise what was bad.

There's the barracks by the river,
And the barracks by the sea,
There's the block-house and the trenches,
Where the soldiers used to be:
And there's pay-dirt in the foothills,
And its there that I would be.
Where some sparkling mountain warbler
Tumbles down toward the sea.

There's the wall about the Old Town,
With its dungeons and its guns,
There's the black-hole and the flood-gates,
Where the muddy Pasig runs:
There's the breezy broad Luneta—
And its there that I would stay,
With my lovely seneritta—
Looking out across the bay.

For the wind is in the palm trees,

I can hear it to this day.

It is calling to the breakers,

And I wonder what they say:

They are calling, calling, calling,

And its there that I would be,

By the mangos and the cocos,

Looking lazy out to sea.

*PARANAQUE.

Paranaque's on the Bay!

Blow the bugle, sound the drum,
There is where our army lay,

Waiting for the ships to come.
Waiting in the boiling sun,

Digging peanuts in the sand,
Dog-tents were as good as none,
Rain poured thro' to beat the band.

Forragin' for cookin' wood

Was our duty on fatigue,
Had to find it dry and good,

Had to steal it from a nig.
Had to rustle in the rain

Tearin' down a shack or two,
Takin' every fence amain—

“Mind that bridge of long bamboo?”

Outpost was the worst'st' place,

In the trenches in the mud,
Sleep ne'er stared us in the face

When we heard the bullets thud.
Night as black as Erebus,

Rain a pourin' from the clouds,
No one seemed to care a cuss
How much time the world allowed.

Niggers crawlin' thro' the brush
All the achin', livelong night,
Soldiers trampin' thro' the slush
Till the morning's sudden light.
Every livin' breathin' thing
Had a queer pro-tropic haze,
Every sound a different ring.
Every thought a different phase.

Talked of piles of poison snakes,
Shark that rolled out in the bay,
All the horrors of earthquakes,
All wild animals of prey.
All the poison ants and flies,
Tarantulas and centipedes,
That we'd never read in lies,
Were rehearsed well for our needs.

Talked about the Great Walled Town,
How we'd storm and how we'd take it,
Though if we were half cut down,
Whether we could surely make it.
But there'll never be a doubt,

Where the flag and bugle call us,
Like true warriors we'll be out,
In the front and thickest always.'

Paranaque's on the Bay,

Blow the bugle, sound the drum,
There is where our army lay

Waiting for the ships to come,
Waiting in the boiling sun,

Digging peanuts in the sand,
Dog-tents were as good as none,
Sun poured thro' to beat the band.

*Pronounced Pah-rah-nock-ee.

HAWAII.

Hawaii gem of the ocean!

Hawaii bold and free,
Bits of sun-girth mountains
Cleft in an opal sea.

Thy palms are in my memory,
Thy songs are in my heart,
Thy winds and waves are with me,
And shall not soon depart.

Bold headlands from the ocean,
Where silvery billows dash,
Where brave kanaki divers
Go down without a splash.
Where seas are high and breakers boom,
I watch with anxious eye,
The daring, laughing serf-men,
That on their boards go by.

I see as in a vision,
Thy beaches broad and free,
I hear the laughing wavelets
That sport at Waikiki.*
I see majestic headlands
All bald and grim and grey,

I see thy smoke and fire
A hundred miles away.

I see thy busy harbors
With thriving valleys near,
I lie down in thy jungles
Unarmed, without a fear.
Of all the isles in ocean
That God hath eared to make,
Thine are the only ones of worth
He freed from beast and snake.

Born in the wild mid-ocean,
Marked by the crowded world,
Thy name goes out on the four winds,
And round the earth is whirl'd.
Thy hills and dales shall blossom,
To furnish ships their loads,
And nations all shall know thee,
As "Mart of the Great Cross Roads."

Whether in storm or sadness,
Whether by night or day,
Ye have no fear for the future,
The flag is there to stay.
Ye have no fears to borrow,
Ye have no cares to seal,

Ye have no quarrels to settle,
Nor ghastly wounds to heal.

But look to the East at morning,
And look to the West at night,
And see the flying galleons,
Fast hoving into sight:
Thine honor locked up the flag—
Which trust no foe can sever,
Thine aims be fair, as fruits ye bear,
For thou art free forever.
*Pronounced Y-k-kee.

· WHEN THE TROOPSHIP SAILS TO
THE EAST.

“We don’t care if we never come back!”
Is what the soldiers sang,
While marching down on Market Street
Mid cheer and shout and bang.
“O stand away you rookies,
You’ll have to stay and drill,
You’ve got to learn the service rules
Or take the service pill.”

“We’re off and away to the wars today,
And we’ll make room for you,
Our banners bright shall see the light
Of a tropical sun an’ dew;
Our banners bright shall stream in the fight
From mart-head and from main,
’Tis ours to take where south seas break
Ere we come back again.”

“The service rules are not for fools.
To jostle or to break,
You’ll find ’em real like tempered steel,
And swift as a diving drake.
You’ll learn to know where ’ere you go,

And the law will hold you to it,
There's much to do 'fore you get through,
And but one way to do it."

The troopship sails across the sea,
It leaves their homes behind,
Their hearts are gay by night and day,
In face of a strong trade wind;
If mind is sad the heart is glad,
With hope of battles gain,
For sphere of thought is all unbought,
The seas—from main to main.

The troopship sails into the Bay,
Her anchors rattle down,
The boys descry from sea to sky
The crumbling Old Walled Town;
The boys descry from sea to sky
A pamorama grand,
And each would swop his berth and slop,
For a place upon the land.

"This world and then the fire-works!"
Is what the soldiers said,
A sliding down the gang-plank,
All loaded down with lead:
O drive the cascos side by side,

And load them down with men,
'Tis a welcome treat to mind and feet,
To tread on land again.

'Tis a welcome treat to mind and feet
To tread on foreign sod,
Where bugle notes and true blue-coats,
Go side by side with God:
For price of land where 'er we stand,
Is stamped upon our flag;
May they that sneer at price so dear,
Be burned with furnace slag.

BALLAD OF THE OUTBREAK.

"Twas on the fourth of February
In eighteen ninety-nine,
Our guards were out on posts about
Old grey Manila Town.
Our guards were in her streets so dim,
And on her streets so bright,
Yet none e'er guessed of storm that pressed,
Hard down upon our right.
And none once thought of screaming shot,
That soon the air would cleft,
In ribbon strings as Hell-mouth sings,
Hard down upon our left.
And no one knew of swarthy crew,
Who's hearts were set to rid,
The boys in blue and Spaniards, too,
From sea to Bilibid.

'Twas nine at night that on our right
An orderly came swift,
He brought the news. The enemy moves,
As gathering storm-clouds drift:
From left the same news quickly came,
The guards all double tramp,
When volleys sing with battles ring
At Santa Mesa camp.

Our bugles call within the wall,
And beyond the Pasigs right,
Ten thousand men at quick step then,
Go clanging to the fight:
And they all knew their places, too,
Their line must stand to birth,
For Yankee stock 'fore doomed must lock,
Its line around the earth.

The niggers' shot flew thick and hot
Above the stone locked town,
Our gunboats threw their searchlights true
To run their trenches down;
And where the light showed foe in sight,
It bare down on their flank,
Where ten-inch shell works quick and well
As it cuts its way in a rank.
The power it holds draws out men's souls
To fry on a screaming nose,
And a hundred cry to God on high
Whenever a twelve-inch goes.

They come in files for twenty miles,
And hem the city round,
As winds are bound to sweep the town
So are their heart strings wound,
Our searchlights dance on their advance,—

Hard on their left and right,
Our volleys true cut through and through
And leave no line in sight.

The citizens pass in frantic mass
To gain the old walled town,
And carriages crash o'er men and dash
The women and children down.
The chenos flew their queues shot through
The holes in the gaping wall,
They carried their gain in bundles twain
And swore that they owned it all.

Great irons brown came rattling down
And closed the Escolta's doors;
Ten thousand shot on roofs are hot
While the hailing battle roars.
And a wail of wars goes up to the stars
As if it were judgment eve,
And heathen Chinees that cannot flee
Hides himself in his sleeve.

Once more they come with furious hum
To drive us to the sea,
Once more they chase to hiding-place
Resolved to let us be.
And thousands must to bite the dust,

Their wounds cannot be healed,
They lay in piles for miles and miles
Upon the bloody field.
Their remnants chase from place to place
Their shouts call up the dawn.
When morning's light broke thro' the night
We found that the foe had gone.

And it shall be from sea to sea
Where'er our proud flag streams,
That whate'er meet with Yankee fleet
Be blown to smithereens.
And we shall stand from land to land
God's messengers of light,
And we shall win in battles din
The grip of a close fought fight.
For long as stars shall shine on wars
Our line shall stand to birth,
For Yankee stock 'fore-doomed shall lock
Its line around the earth.

BESIDE THE PASIG.

I stood beside the Pasigs troubled tide,
At evening's ever changing glow ;
I saw a hundred boats at anchor ride,
I watched the murky waters come and go.

And now and then a native bark shot by,
Filled with the forests wholesome store ;
And here and there the water cabbage lie,
Lodged 'gainst the boats along the shore.

And great black cascos filled with oil and
hemp,
Came floating down and slowly passed
me by ;
Here rafts of cocoanuts that closely keep,
The rivers foamy margin where they lie.

I heard the booming of the sun-set gun,
And watched the fishers toiling 'gainst
the stream ;
I heard the washers pounding on the bund,
And saw the dreamer smoking thro' his
dream.

The watch is set, the streets are cleared,
The rumblings of a busy city cease,
The weary provost on his circuit steered,
Looks anxiously toward his short release.

Then darkness settles over land and sea,
Search lights sweep the heavens and the
shore;
A land breeze rustles thro' a mango tree,
A *pukme* sings his monotone the more.

The call to quarters sounds the city through,
The wicked current 'gainst a casco slaps.
Then bugles wake the evening air anew,
Clear thrilling notes, prolonged—'tis
taps.

BACALOR.

Bacalor is sun and dust, nipa huts and
straw,
Everything that's said and done is straight
agin' the law;
Niggers all a free-love sort and don't believe
in clothes,
Just the way God sent him here that's the
way he goes.

Says he is a patriot and loves his country,
too,
Keeps a shiny bowie-knife hid for me and
you;
O, he is sage and very grave, and shiny as
alpaca,
But all he knows (and this I know) is lino
and tobacco.

Wake up in the morning feeling like a fool,
Shuffle out to reville, for that's an army
rule;
Next your out in line of squads searching
for the foe,
And where you hadn't ought to be, that's
where your apt to go.

Camp out in the open field and sizzle in the
sun,
Watch the old Artificer a patching up his
gun.
Never was a hotter place and never will
there be,
Than the plain of Bacalor—inland from
the sea.

Bacalor is sun and dust, dogs and red-eyed
rats,
Mosquitoes and tarantulas, ants and bugs
and bats:
What a pleasant place to be—just above
sea level,
Climatic conditions true to grow a red-hot
devil.

Fever is a common thing—prickly heat and
itch—
Germs of every dread disease in the water
ditch.
And when the last Great Bugle Call rings
out across the moor
I'd hate to be among the men that's sent
to Bacalor.

SCOUTING.

Scouting in the morning,
When our vanguard moves,
Tramping through the cane-break
Dripping with the dews;
Heard a bullet whistle low—
Looking around to see,
It had found a comrade
Just below the knee.

Tramping in the noon-day,
Throats as dry as chalk,
Dust had filled the voice-box
Till we couldn't talk;
Felt the fever in our bones
Drawing out our life,
Felt the cramps at every step,
Cutting like a knife.

In the furrowed rice fields,
When the sun is low,
Aching for the word to halt—
Hungry as a crow;
Heard a bullet singing low—
Looked around surprised,

It had found a comrade
Square between the eyes.

In the tangled jungle,
Searching out the foe,
Battling with the boa snake,
Scaring up the doe;
In the muddy nipa swamps
Little did we make,
Tramping on the crocodile
And poison water snake.

Scaring up the caribou
In his muddy lair,
Kneeling down to drink the slush
Little caring where;
Brushing off a centipede—
Felt the prickly heat,
Stinging like a thousand pins
From our heads to feet.

In the tangled forest,
Where the python glides,
Fuzzy black tarantulas
Hanging to our sides;
There I left my comrade,
Death had gripped him tight,
Rolled up in his poncho,
In the arms of night.

ADVANCE ON SANTA MARIA.

We lay on the fields at Bocaue;
The night was waning away,
We knew on the wings of the morning
Our line would move on to the fray.
We knew on the wings of the morning
Spirits of friends and of foe,
Would float o'er the smoke of the battle
Wherever death summonses go.

Would spirits released hover o'er us?
Would they hear the roar of the fray?
Would they know and grapple together?
Whoever shall know or can say.
We heard the tramp of our columns
Crossing the sun-baked fields,
We heard the whiz of the night-birds,
And the jingling jink of the steels,

We heard the artillery coming,
Down on the graveled road;
A rumble like distant thunder
In upper air's abode.
Moaning low in the night breeze
The slender bamboos toss,

Over our sleeping columns,
Under the Southern Cross.

No bugle call awakes us—
We're up by night and away,
Ere stars in the skies above us
Go twinkling out to the day.
We're out and in line of battle,
We're watching the wood ahead,
We wait for the march of the morning,
That streaks the sky with red.

The big guns thunder at daybreak;
Their chilled steel bolts are swift,
They tell the foe in the city
The American lines are adrift.
They crash thro' twenty house-tops,
They break the strong stone walls,
They hurry the half-dressed thousands
Out of their bamboo stalls.

There's the hustle and bustle of panic,
Over the dusty way,
Their bull-carts break by the roadside
That leads to San Jose;
There's the pleading cry of the children,
The prayer of mother and maid,

There's the curse of the heathen warrior—
The gashes the shells have made.

Our line moves over the prairie;
We ford the river in haste,
The shorts go in to the shirt-tops,
The longs go in to the waist.
We know when we see their trenches
There's something to take and to give,
And minutes we lose on the rice-field
Will lessen our chances to live.

Our line moves on o'er the paddies;
We drop at a thousand yards,
And send a thousand ounce bullets
As a gift to the enemy's guards,
We charge in the wind-chased smoke cloud
All dripping with water and mud,
We stumble in sharp-staked pitfalls,
We spatter the ground with blood.

We're over their earthen breastworks,
We're under the red rose-oak,
"No carie combate! Amigo!"
They shout thro' the din and the smoke.
We're on and beyond the city,
The reserve comes up behind,

We know when their work is finished,
The town will be blown to the wind.

We look to the mountains beyond us,
Alive with the homeless folk,
We look to the city behind us
And see it go up in smoke.
And who is to pay the damage?
Our lives are free to mend
Rents in our starry banner
The God of Battle must send.

If the price be a life we'll give it,
Either on land or on sea;
If the price be a nation's honor,
The strong'st best let us be.
Far over the wind-whipped ocean
We'll shout our liberties cheer,
While we're civilizing the natives
With Bible, bullets and beer.

RAILROAD PATROL.

Patrolin' on the railroad

In the middle of the night,
Was a work I never cared about;

I never thought it right
To send three men a hikin'

For three miles up the track,
And never get a minute's rest,
Till they hiked the three miles back.

One night was dark and cloudy,

They starts the third relief,
And I had drawn to first place
And trembled like a leaf;
For it was life and it was death,
No reck which way you went.
If I'd offered my head at auction
You wouldn't have bid a cent.

Less than a mile to north of us

The enemy lay thick,
And often as we tramped along
We heard the breach-bolt click.
And often as we marched along
A whizzing spear went by,
Ye' no one knew from whence it came
Nor where the enemy lie.

There was field to either side of us
And gloomy woodland, too,
And nipa huts in lines along
Where Spanish roads went through.
And here the fields swept to the track,
And there the bamboo weaves
Its dainty net-work overhead
All interlocked with leaves.

We tramped the three miles up the track
All silent as could be,
We tramped the three miles half way back
And stopped most suddenly.
And I was leadin' the patrol
My heart rose up in pain,
And struggled hard to free itself
And then beat down again.

We all dropped down between the rails
And lie there as if dead,
And watched the enemy's line go by
Scarce twenty yards ahead.
Company after company
In single file the foe,
Loomed up like Satan's dusky band
As over and on they go.

We all hugged to the dumb leak ties
A wishin' we was one,
I never mind o' breathin' till
Their line had passed and gone.
But was thinkin' of the mischief
That they were sure to make,
Down in the town of Bullican
Before the night would break.

Was thinkin' of the pleasantness
Of being caught by them,
And spitted on the live bamboo
And left or boloed then;
Or gagged and tied and staked across
The field-ants porus nest,
Or whipped beneath a beastly load—
With never a minute's rest.

We didn't mind the fightin'
Ner tarantulas black an' hairy,
We didn't mind night out-post
For that was necessary.
We didn't mind the starvin'
Nor sun, nor rain, nor blow,
But we kicked on night patrolin'—
It lacked the ghost of a show.

ANT'S NEST.

It was a weary outpost—came in at five
A. M.,
Marching like a carabou in a muddy fen;
We, the weary outpost, steering in like
monks,
Found the Company B patrol sleeping in
our bunks.

Then the Corporal swore an oath clad in
steel and lead,
Stamped around and found a hump and on
it laid his head;
Sleep had closed his weary eyes just about
a minute,
When that hump began to move—for there
was something in it.

A roaring oath, a whorl of dust, a blue shirt
in the air,
A pounding, striking, brushing, biting in
his beard and hair.
The weary outpost stood aghast, didn't
know but "Doby"

Had been bitten and the bite gave him hydrophobe.

When the fight was over and his clothes
were on the ground.

Said he, "That's near'st bein' licked I ever
was first round ;

I don't believe in makin' out—but, by the
the millions dead—

If I had had another round, I'm sure I'd
lost my head."

Now the moral of this ditty is as plain as
any ghost,

Be careful where you lay your head when
you come in off post.

'Tarantulas and centipedes may crawl along
your pants,

But they are nothing when compared with
a little nest of ants.

AT MARAQUENA.

Our line had rested on the field,
Our picket guards were out;
The weary stretched out on the ground,
The strong sat round about.

And some were smoking wheezy pipes,
And some were chewing beetle,
And some were swapping old time lies,
And some resumed to whittle.

The rain in torrents fell on us,
And wet us to the bone;
And filled the paddies to the brim:—
It made us think of home.

And all the ridges on the field
Swarmed thick with biting ants,
That crawled in at our leggin' tops
And up our brown-duck pants.

The wounded groaned in open field,
The strong swore with a zeal,
The bull-train stuck a league to rear,
And couldn't move a wheel.

And all the privates swore galore,
Because there was no bread;
When suddenly a volley flew—
Close o'er our Major's head.

The outposts rush in through the slush,
With tale of lurking foe;
And every man forgot his pain,
When the order came to go.

It's hustle up with gun and belt
And get into the line,
We all can march without a torch
When mausers sing so fine.

And out we marched by companies,
And halted all in a row;
And then the Major's voice rang out—
“Fore-ward—guide center—Ho!”

And down we marched toward a wood
From whence their volleys flew,
We heard them calling: “Yankee dogs
Come down, we'll fight with you.”

“We'll bind you here and stake you there
And leave you for the crows,

The monk, the ape, the boa-snake,
Shall roost in your empty clothes."

And then their whistling shot flew high
And cut the tops of trees,
And then their whistling balls flew down
And sizzed low in the breeze.

And some were steel and some were brass
And some were ricochet.
And some were slugs from half-inch rods
That flew along our way.

We stretched our line across the draw
Till it connected through,
Then waited for their rifles light
To make our volleys true.

The mountain air was crisp and chill,
Our khaki suits were thin,
But little we reck the price of a neck
When duty calls us in.

Our eager eyes search through the dark,
Our anxious fingers tip
The triggers of four-hundred guns
Held close against the hip.

A full moon burst the rain-clouds through,
And put our line in sight,
When lo! They fled and we were left
To battle with the night.

THE PRISONER.

In a jungle deep, on a river road,
A bullock-man stretched out on top of his
load.

Then blue smoke curled from his great
cigar,

As he gazed at the heavens and thought of
the war.

The caribou grazed in the rice-fields near,
And the soldier's mind ran free from fear;
From mud and mire, from blood and sun,
Thoughts journeyed away as a brook doth
run.

But his home lay bare before his face,
And his mind ran over that grand old place;
From a mother's corner so cozy and neat,
To the icied window and pane of sleet,
To a brother building a trench of snow,
And a sister storming the works with a hoe;
For all these things he had heard before,
And his thoughts sped on from the scenes
of war.

As murmur is murmur, or death is death,

A sudden sound from his eyes all cleft;
He clutches his rifle—and up from the dells,
Came a whorl of fire, and whits and yells,
And one not hardened to things like these,
Must shake for his life, and shoot to the
breeze.

But the trooper was brave and fearlessly
led,
And fought with his comrades till they were
dead;
And he was wounded in head and hand,
And lay as a corpse on the blood-stained
sand;
While the great black mass came on with a
rush,
He heard a gurgle, a groan or gush,
And prayed to the God—Who gives and
ends,
To hurry his life out along with his friends.

The native warriors plundered the carts,
And chopped up his comrades and ate their
hearts;
And he must hear and see and wait,
The whirl of the holo to settle his fate:

But the brown chief saw—through the dull
moon light,
The trooper's eyes—live coals in the night.
He came, and then in a deep voice said:
“Guard this man as the eye in the head!”
Bind up his wounds and bring him forth,
That we may learn of troops in the North.”

All day he traveled and packed a load,
Thro' a lonely pass on a mountain road;
And ever and on, these words ran clear,
“Siggie”! “Siggie”! Hissed out in his ear.
“Hurry! Hurry! we give thee life,
So long as you clear from the point of the
knife.”

At last they emerged from the wooded hills,
To a broad low plain, full of fever and
chills;
Where the crocodile feeds in the scum-
bound slews,
And natives drink bino to drive out the
blues;
Where cane-fields nod where the winds kiss
thro',
Lifting the leaves and the morning dew.

In the streets of the city of Balaoug,
The trooper rested his load on a log :
And the forked pains in his head and back,
Were halted now that the straps were slack :
And all the villagers flocked to see,
The bearded giant from beyond the sea.

They have taken his garments and sold them
out,
And left him clothed in a nipa clout :
And the white skin burned to a crimson red,
When a tropical sun shone over head.
But the natives laughed and mocked his
pain,
As they hurried him on o'er the sun-baked
plain.
The blood print is soon upon the sod,
Where foot of the wretched trooper trod.

And his heart turns dumb to pain and fear.
As he sees the blue-shirts far, far to the
rear :
Their shouts are muffled, their volleys seem,
To rise in the mists of some devilish dream.
And the red skin peels to the bolo stroke.
And the red stream follows each bayonet
poke,

As on to the mountain pass they steer,
With—siggie, siggie, hissed out in his ear.

In a jungle deep, by a river road,
The trooper rested his head on his load:
But his mind was filled with cruel pains,
And he looked for a rifle to blow out his
 brains.

For he knew no succor would ever ride,
Thro' the mountain trails where the robbers
 hide.

The great queen beetle wheels over the rice,
And the air is filled with fire and spice:
But all that beauty was dumb and blind,
To a trooper brave, with a ruined mind.

As he gazed to the distant twinkling skies,
A fuzzy black mass hung over his eyes;
That dropping straight from a moss-grown
 teak,
Fastened its fangs in the trooper's cheek.

Without a shudder, a groan or cry,
A prayer went forth to his God on high,
A prayer of joy—in death or life,
Of a soul released from a Hell-bound strife.
The poison struck at the struggling life,

As the heart's fount follows the plunge of
a knife;
And the trooper's soul at the dead of night,
Went out on the winds in its upward flight.

O who shall tell, as the years roll on,
His mother dear—where her son has gone:
And who shall say but the birds that fly,
And circle and sing in the tropical sky,
That life and honor stand first of all,
In a soldier's death for his country's call.

THE MANILA GUARD.

Come list to the lay of a Provost Guard

As he travels around his beat,

He's at home and abroad in ninety-nine

But he's singing of ninety-eight.

When his word was good as a pension check,

And a brass 'scale weight' as gold,*

And any name was good as his

For all the grog-shop sold.

When five in gold brought twelve in Mex.,

And double-eagles fifty.

When Monte games were on the street—

Hi! But guards were thrifty.

When Monte playing in the street

Was hard against the law,

The guards raked many a Paso in—

The officers never saw.

When we were watchin' barrels o' wine

Way down beyond the quay,

We used to fill our canteens up

And coolly walk away.

When we were lord of all the town

We went just where we chose,

And none dared ask the reason why
We searched among his clothes.

And none dared ask the reason why
We drank their best old wine,
And never even thanking them
Or saying it was fine.

We payed them all in pantomime,
Which made them understand—
That if they said a word we'd rip
Them up as countraband.

But now its mighty different,
They've cut us down to zero,
And all the Bud-weiser we get,
We plank down the Denero.*†

Now all the Dons well understand—
And all the Chenos, too,
The way to cut us quickly off
From the tricks we used to do.

The secret lies in knowing how
To tell our officers
Just how their guards have overrun
Their privilege of affairs.

*Some of the natives exchanged fruit for small
brass weights, thinking them American gold.

†Money.

BALLAD OF AN ARMY OVEN.

Our company never had much to do
'Xcept to work.
And that all day and all night, too,
In boilin' sun and dark and dew,
Seemed like the officers never cared
Much how we bloomin' privates fared:
But what was in their minds all day—
Was keepin' the men to work some way.

I was mighty sick o' patrol:
And was thinkin' how
To get out o' answerin' roll
Call. An' better 'n all
How to get out o' doin' guard:
For twenty-four hours was mighty hard:
Besides a man's apt to lose his sleep,
And can't make it up for more 'n a week.

“Don't know where to find a man,”
Our Sergeant sez.
“Of course I'll do the best I can,
“We're dyin' for old time Yankee 'pan':
“And the oven shall be built for you,
“If it costs the company a shiner or two.”

An' I sit on a mahogany log
With eyes and ears
Wide open as a terrier dog
A' huntin' moles in a mossy bogg.
"What's that? An oven—Kahoolawe—
"Perhaps I could build it—let me see."
Then the cook sez: "On Calle Chague*
"I learned of a nigger mason today."
"You'll find him around the market place
"He's a low built duck with a scar on his
face."

An' straight the Sergeant started away:
An' I jumps up
An' ran to catch him an' sez: "Say,
"I'd like to inquire if I may—
"Did you say you wanted an oven built?
"That's my profession silver and gilt;
"I make all things out o' brick or stone;
"From basement up to steeple an' dome;
"Can save you money—an' then—
"It's better to pay it to one o' the men."

"Why, sure," said he. "Your just the
man"—
"What'll you take?"
I though a while—then sez: "I ken—

“With the help o’ two or three other men,
“Do the whole dern job for a shiner;
“Build it strong an’ a good deal finer
“Than a nigger ’d do.” An’ he sez:
“Well

“That’s a bargain. I’ll go tell
“Cap. An’ I’ll see the “Top” for you.
“He’ll set you off duty a week or two.”

So in a thrice the bargain was made:
An’ I set to work,
With pick an’ hoe an’ shovel an’ spade.
A levelin’ off a place by the wall,
An’ a thinkin’ how in the devil ’n all
To build the thing. By all that’s lean
An oven was somethin’ I’d never seen.
While I was thinkin’ over my “snap,”
Somethin’ gave my shoulder a slap:
A familiar voice rang in my ear—
I knowed ‘thout lookin’ Cap was near.

I drops my shovel: stood straight in the
yoke,

An’ Cap he spoke:

“What are you up to, schemin’ lout,
“What the duce are ye about,
“Do you want the company to pay for this,
“It seems to me enough that ye miss

“Retreat an’ doin’ guard: What if the
work be rough,

“Don’t the government pay ye enough?

“At this stage of the game you ought to
know

“We need your profession. And so

“I’ll detail you to build the oven.”

Ge! But didn’t he say that lovin’!

An’ turned on his heel an’ left just then,

Mad as a banty settin’ hen.

An’ I stood still for a minute or two,

A lookin’ blue:

An’ waitin’ till the boys got through

Guyin’ me. One sez: “Oh-ho

“You will tell us all you know—

“Get down and dig, there’s nothin’ finer,

“We’ll turn out and help you spend your
Shiner.”

An’ the cook he sez: “If I was you,

“I’d be in no hurry ‘bout gettin’ through.”

An’ I sez—quick as the boys went out:—

“That’s just what I’ve been thinkin’
about.”

So I worked on for a week or two,

And no one knew

What on earth I was up to:

A ridin' out around the town,
Locatin' brick an' stone: an' down
In the Alhambra: an' what I lost,
I added to what the bricks had cost.
An' the company payed it 'thout a kick:
An' next day I bought a few more brick.

An' I rid about for days an' days,
In various ways,
A buyin' sand an' lime an' stays;
First on the Luneta and then in Binondo,
Through the Walled City and out to Tondo:
Down to Malate and thro' Santa Cruz,
Out to San Polock and thro' San Luiz:
Through San Megiel, Ermeta and Paco,—
In all my meanderings steered clear of
Queipo.

An' always stoppin' at noon each day,
At the old hotel—La Oriente.

The oven was built of stone and brick,
A foot thick
On sides and bottom. But the trick
Of coverin' it over bothered me:
Finally I struck on the i'd
Of a piece of iron, square-like, see—
A hole in one corner for a chimble,
There was no doubt 'twould work to a "T:"

An' I remembered that in the Freola,**
Was iron enough to build a gondola.

So got permission: went in one day,
An' hauled away
A piece of steel—the boys all say
Weighed a ton. 'Twas just the checker,
Made her look like a double-decker;
I built the chimble higher than the wall,
An' piled on sand an' stone an' all
Was ready. We piled in coal an' wood,
An' soon found out her draft was good.
An' all the boys were happy as clams,
A thinkin' of pies an' puddins an' yams:
Among all companies far an' near,
As an oven builder I hadn't a peer.
An the cook's detail was kneadin' bread
Enough to last two days ahead.

But in the mornin' the cook took note,—
The steel had warped up like a boat,
An' bricks an' chimney had fallen in,
Where the raised loaves ought to have been:
An' the cussin' I got I'll always remember,
Down in Manila one morn in November,
I learned how man's reputation may
Rise an' fall in a single day.

*Chog-way Street. **Shipyard.

BALLAD OF THE BATTLE OF BENO TOWER.

There is many a battle recorded
 In letters of crimson and gold,
 And thousands of stories are hoarded,
 Because of the glory they hold;
 But battle or legend or story,
 There is none can equal in part,
 This tale of a row on the Chogue,
 That flows from a veteran's heart.

The city was wrapped in her night robe,
 All sounds were drifting to sleep,
 Save the roll of the tide in the Pasig,
 And tramp of a sentry on beat;
 But unseen foemen were watching
 From house top and from wall,
 For a light in the Beno Tower—
 A signal when all should fall.

They meant to fall on the sentries
 And cut them down in the street,
 Then rush the principal barracks
 And bolo our troops while asleep.
 But the ear of the watch had discovered,

And every soldier knew,
Of devilish plot for booty
Contrived by villainous crew.

The guard on the street was doubled,
The guards on the bridge were three;
And one must watch from the center,
With his rifle cocked on his knee.
Still as the walls at Paco
The crowded city grew,
When a light flashed down from the Tower,
Blood-red through the dark and the dew.

A flash, and a ball flew skyward,
Cutting the dumb night air,
Tearing from shell to mortar,
Singing the natives' hair.
But the flame still pierced the darkness,
And every foeman knew—
But stopped at the crack of the rifle,
Perplexed. What should they do?

They had not long to wonder,
They had not long to wait,
For the roar of guns in the Chogue,
Soon sealed their hard earned fate.
They tremble to think of the future,

Lest apprehended they be,
How life would be drawn in the dungeon
Or black-hole caves of the sea.

And they longed to shift their quarters
But dared not move a hand,
Cool balistrade they longed to trade
For a place on a catamaran.
Where sea-birds cry to each other,
And free waves foam at the rails,
Where free winds laden with perfume
Tighten the bamboo sails.

They prayed to the God of darkness,
They shook from heads to feet,
Would rather than loot be a bandicoot,
And burrow beneath the street:
Prayed for power of breath and look
Of gilding basilisk,
Then cursed all things alive or dead,
And laughed at the loss of a risk.

The fight down on the Chogue
Raged like a racing sea,
The guards from seven quarters
Cross-fired the guards from three;
The tower was shot to ribbons,

The light was snuffed from the wick,
And the row was settled as handy
And straight as 'a burro can kick.

All night was a black-robed terror,
But blacker still was the day
For the niggers—when caught in the round-
up—
Had a tolerable debt to pay.

As Solomon read the roses,
The guards must read the face,
For look of truth from guilt forsooth,
Is marked in every race.
But not in humane history
Did ever guards bring in,
More thorough clinkered graduates
From schools of heathen sin.

BALLAD OF THE TONDO FIRE.

Blood-red! Blood-red! The signal fled
To East and West and South,
The natives saw their roofs of straw
Glowing as glows Hells-mouth:
The natives knew its meaning, too,
It cut their hearts in twain;
They learn the cost from what they lost,
In a mile of solid flame.

The roaring flames are like the roar
Of a hundred racing trains;
The bamboo pops from heat and drops,
As drops the tropic rains:
The draught must make the whirlwind take
The flying nipa high,
Where through the night with blood-red
light,
It burns against the sky.

Their soldiers creep from street to street,
'Tis bold we must agree,
They call the guard but gates are barred
In front of Company C.
They call the Captain of the Guard,

He answers straight and swift;
One hundred rifle balls flew down,
To set their souls adrift.

A piercing scream cuts thro' the blast
Where a sweep of steel has gone,
And bellowing roar of tortured beasts.
Steals over the city till dawn:
With oaths and yells, with guns and bells,
The Tondo of filth and mire,—
Swift as a typhoon on the seas,—
Goes up in the flood of fire.

Their soldiers fall beside the wall,
And lie there thro' the night,
The bullets whit while niggers get
Beyond the line of light:
But foe must stop where'er they drop,
The Springfield balls are sure,
Their weight is fair, the holes they tear,
Must make the body pure.

Above the bells in Queipo Square,
I watch the whirling race,
The black and blue where flames stab thro',
The blood-red at the base;
The jet-black cloud high in the sky,

The anxious hordes below,
If the wind should blow from the north I
 trow,
The city must surely go.

But a land breeze blew the cloud away,
 Far out across the bay,
And the morning light broke thro' the night
 From the mountains far away;
And the mother calls to the blackened walls,
 But the lost cannot be found,
And the cheno sifts in the fleshless drift,
 While the sentry tramps the round.

THE OUTPOST.

Land of eternal spring:
A garden vast and wild,
Bathed in a mountain breeze,
A tropical verdure smiled.

The song of busy birds
Come forth from every nook,
And lisping on the breeze
Come murmurs from the brook.

And misty ciris clouds
Float here and there and on,
They crown each mountain peak
They linger—and are gone.

Across the terraced fields,
The euskoo calls alone;
Beyond the wooded ridge,
The land is not our own.

For the Insurgents keep,
Their camp fires burning bright.
They're dreaming all the day,
And marching all the night.

Around deserted homes,
Ripe cane and tall corn wave,
And swine and poultry feed
From many a shallow grave.

Beneath the mangos shade,
From boulder cool and brown,
I watch the distant fields,
Up rugged slope and down.

BALLAD OF THE NORTH LINE.

There's never a place in all the world
 So written in my heart,
There's never a wind between the worlds
 Can drift us far apart:
There's never a thought in all the world
 So stamped upon my mind,
As place and thought of battles fought—
 Three thousand leagues behind.

We went out to Caloocan loaded down with
 lead,
We went thro' her burning streets tramp-
 ing o'er the dead;
We went on to Malabon waist-deep in a
 slew,
Had to hold the wounded up and use our
 rifles, too.
How the bullets whistled by—
Hi! The privates swore,
That was out to Malabon with the brave
 Eight Corps.

We went on to Mareloa; stopped a few at
 Polo,
Amigos flew with all they had—a caribou
 and bolo:

But left a few soldados in the ditches here
and there,
With a bullet thro' their thorax and the
field ants in their hair.

We drove 'em at the daylight; we watched
'em thro' the night,
By the fires of their Peublas they were fools
enough to light.
The crimson in the south sky tells the North
Line all that's new,
And the blood-red in the north sky tells the
South Line what to do.
While the great lights in the harbor keep a
chasing thro' the sky,
Talking to each other on the clouds that
hustle by.

We fought 'em by the river, they were forty
to our one,
But they dropped away to twenty 'fore they
took the hint to run.
We fought 'em at Boeae and drove 'em
past Bigaa,
Of course it was a bitter way o' teachin'
them the law;
But we found there was no other way so

simple and so strong,
And the Filipino Indian was learnin' right
along.

We routed them at Bullican; they tried to
burn the bridge,
And we caught 'em with our longtoms long
before they made the ridge;
We drove 'em past Guiguinto: It was an
awful sight,
To see our men a dyin' in the depot there
that night.
Way up at Santa Ysabel we had to lose a
few;
The wood was lined with trenches there, that
bunched us to get through.
But we drove 'em from their stronghold as
we'd always done before,
And Sundayed at Malolos with the luckys
of the corps.

Of course there was a buryin' squad along
o' the reserve,
But when it come to diggin' pits they
didn't care to serve:
So they dumped them in the river and they
floated out to sea,

'Twas a harvest for the Chinamen that
owned the soap factory.
And some that lay out on the fields they
carried at their ease,
And burned upon the rice-stacks to kill the
dread disease.

We went on to Calumpit—'twas an ugly
place,—
Lines of trenches everywhere that stared us
in the face:
And pitfalls that were covered o'er with
nipa, sticks and hay,
And every gill of earth they'd dug they'd
carried far away.
You scarce could tell the bloomin' things
they looked so like the ground,
But if you've ever fell in one you know best
what you found.

On the level fields at Quingua some found a
dusty grave;
We had to lose a Colonel that was bravest
of the brave,
In the swamps at Santa Thomas, in the hills
at Nazagara,

We had to lose a comrade here and there
along our way.

Up at San Isidro while marching round the
swamp

We met 'em every morning and had our
usual romp;

With old Arriat behind us and old Arriat
ahead,

We kept marching thro' the jungle that
we'd cleared with screaming lead.

Heard the monkeys chatter from the
branches at the dawn,

Heard the cuckoo calling up the timid
spotted fawn;

Heard the bullets kissing thro' the great
banana leaves,

Slept to dream that we were home beneath
parental eaves.

The North Line's at Fernando and the
South Line's at the Lake,

Their boys can tell the stories of the towns
they had to take;

Their boys can tell the stories of the blood
and dust and sun,

While the glory of their triumphs are re-
corded one by one.

While the glory of their triumphs far down
the ages rings,

You'll always know an Eighth Corps lad
for this is what he sings.

There's never a place in all the world
So written in my heart,

There's never a wind between the worlds
Can drift us far apart:

There's never a thought in all the world
So stamped upon my mind.

As place and thought of battle fought
Three thousand leagues behind.

ROAST PORK.

Camped out on San Tolon road
Watching for the foe,
Lounging in and out of camp
From dawn till evening's glow;
Woods were full of chicken,
Carabou and kine,
But all our dusty palates craved
Was devil-souled swine.

So when the scouts went out by day
To hunt the wily nig,
They killed and dressed and brought to
camp
A little spotted pig;
We roasted him upon the coals
And ate him to the ears,
His bones made a burnt offering
To dry the owner's tears.

Then an order came to camp
From farther up the line,
It read: "Beware! Don't kill or eat
The nigger-fattened swine.
For he is what the buzzard is!"

Our Major said, “ ’Tis plain
He eats the late killed carrion—
The bodies on the plain.”

And then we knew and understood
That droves of Chinese hogs,
Had rifled all the shallow graves,
The which we’d laid to dogs.
This story is as straight as Job,
As historic as Latin,
The hogs were fattened on the flesh
That they were meant to fatten.

NIGHT OUTPOST.

The night was dark as a dungeon!

The outposts all were new,
Singled out in the jungle
With Pilars border crew;
And mine was on the highway
Under a bread-fruit tree,
I could hear the drone of the beetle,
The voice of a lone "pukme."

The jungle was thick and thorny,
And full of tropical life,
Snakes with the deadly venom,
Men with the whetted knife.
Wild dogs—skinny and scabby,
Hogs with tusks to tear,
But worse than all—them niggers—
They seemed to be everywhere.

I lay pinched on the road-bed,
Afraid to breathe or stir,
I listened to the brush crack,
And the night-bird's mystic whirr.
I heard the ripe fruit falling
Down to the ground with a thud,

I heard the buffaloes rolling
In their wallows of mud.

A thousand thoughts per minute,
Each brought a deadly fear,
Thought of the whizzing bolo,
Pains from the poisoned spear.
Something always told me
That in the dead of night,
Was time enough for dreaming,
But never a time to fight.

My eyes search out the darkness
While temple pains shoot thro',
I watch a file of warriors
From Pilar's border crew.
In company front I see them,
And then in single file,
In sets of four I loose them
From my vision's dial.

A visionary army
Seemed closing round our camp;
I listened to the murmur,
I heard the muffled tramp;
The minutes all were hours,
The hours all were days;

And the task of doing outpost
May be told in various ways.

I started! 'Tis the enemy!
A hot breath reached my cheek,
It chilled me to the marrow:
I scarce could move or speak.
But turned my head to leeward,
And there t'wixt me and sky,
Some giant monster told me
My time had come to die.

Two fiery eyes glared into mine
With a hellish-opal glow,
And the fetid breath that reached my face,
Was worse than the fumes below.
If I had opened my lungs to it,
I had died a wind-whipped flame,
But truth in war is the open scar,
Not ballads that sing of fame.

I moved my gun around to port
To fill the thing with lead,
When tusks a pair shot through the air
Close range above my head.
Grim duty flashed upon me,
My fear had gone apace,

I thrust my glistening bayonet
Hard into empty space.

I fired twice: a wild boar fell
And struggled hard to death;
I felt a rare uneasiness
A breathing minus breath.
The guard came running up to see—
One says, "He's killed, be dod—!"
A bread fruit struck me on the head
And landed me in nod.

THE FILIPINO INDIAN*

We have many roving Indians at home,
From Alaska to the sunny Cocoa Keys,
And your lucky in a squabble all alone
If you haven't mixed with any worse'n
these.

They will ever stand for being friend or
foe,

And are brave as any warrior black or
white,

When they're warin' they will always let
you know

So that you may have a half a show to
fight.

But the Filipino Indian he's full of gum-
a-lac,

He's an India-rubber gimmie-cane when
he's behind your back;

And he's king of kings of cowards when the
sun is in his face,

And for higher kings of liars there's no
other in the race.

He is always nuoy pobre** and he's much
amigo† too,

He tells his lie so earnestly the guards will
let him through;
For they're sorry for a nigger with a sick
and starvin' wife,
And they give him half their rations just to
save his darlin's life.
He takes all that you give him and he lugs
it to his friends,
They eat and laugh together in their wooded
mountain dens;
Remember boys it's double-sin to give the
sumphs a straw,
It's a comfort to the enemy and that's
agin' the law.

O the Filipino Indian he's full of schemin'
ways,
You'll never get the Injin truth in anything
he says;
He's past the art of teachin' for he thinks
his way is best,
And he'll always be an Indian no matter
how he's blest.

He greets you in the mornin' with a bow
that's long and low,
And he says in hearty accents, "Magan-
dungarapopo:"‡

And you think of a coyote as you watch
him sneakin' past;
For every slidin' glance he gives you think
will be the last.
He's friendly in the morning and he's busy
thro' the day,
And every sack of rice he gets he'll carry
far away;
You'd think he was the truest friend and
wouldn't deign to fight,
Remember boys he's got a gun and he'll
come out at night.

O there's no fool like an old fool, his id's
always stick,
You can beat and kill an old dog but you
can't teach him a trick.
And the Filipino heathen in his house up in
a tree,
Says: "I'll chance the God my father had:
He's good enough for me."

He takes a drachm of beno and chews the
beetle, too,
He don't believe a word you say unless he
knows it's true;
He's suspicious of all creatures no matter
what their place,

And he thinks the bloomin' white man is a
hood-wink on his race.
You'll find him quick as lightning, in wit he
doesn't lack,
You can always find a bolo up his sleeve or
down his back:
And when you learn to know him you'll be
sorry for his lot,
For a caribou and bolo are the only friends
he's got.

O the Filipino Indian! He'll full of chow-
chow bark,
He's an ugly thing to handle when you
meet him in the dark,
And he's king of kings of cowards when the
sun is in his face,
And for higher king of liars there's no
other in the race.

*Referring to the uncivilized tribes.

**Very poor.

†Good friend.

‡Good morning.

SPECTOR OF LOLOMBOY.

I stood on guard at the Western Gate
That faced toward the sea,
And wondered if that sweet song I heard
Would ever come back to me.
I watched the pale moon climbing up
High in the midnight sky,
And all the field was lighted up
With a spectral light there by.

I watched the shadows on the grass;
Some seemed to shift about,
And one grey pile I centered on
And tried to reason out.
The wind blew free from tree to tree.
It sang a "devil's dirge,"
It drew the robes of spirit night
Around me like a scourge.

When first we came to Lolomboy
We made a gruesome find
In bones and skulls and skeletons—
The chapel floor was lined.
Men had died from ghastly wounds,
And some from want of care,

For no man either black or white
Had dared to venture there
Since we had passed, in hickory haste,
Driving the dusky foe,
As a cold northwest Dakota wind
Drives o'er the frozen snow.

For sixty miles a running fight
And now a rest we sought,
Within the walls of Lolomboy—
A cool and breezy spot.
Oh, sixty miles of mud and slush,
Of dust and dirt and sun,
Was just the thing for soldier boys
With 'Pinos on the run.

I knew the bones of twenty men
Were piled along yon pass,
Where all the bleaching sun-scorched skulls
Grinned at us thro' the grass.
I knew the day we piled them there
We'd multiplied our sins,
By setting femers up on end,
And playing at nine-pins.
With five in Mex. up on each side
We rolled the skulls away,
And I was winner of the prize
On that eventful day.

I watched the gray pile in the grass,
It seemed to writhe and work,
As if it were the tri-compound
Of spirit, sprite and spirk.
And then a ghastly form stood up
And walked toward the wall,
Followed true by a bony crew,
All naked slim and tall.
The first called thro' a tongueless mouth,
And twirled a fleshless arm,
"Ye need not fear that we appear,
We wish our guard no harm."
"File Right!" They march around by
twos,
Then "right by file" they go;
"As skirmishers!" The line spreads out,
All in a perfect row.

And thus at rest they sang a song,
In accents fair and sweet,
The verse so low I could not know,
But this did they repeat:
"O some are held and silver belled,
And joyous as the lark,
And some are gripped in the poison fangs
Of the spirit of the outer dark."
The wind blew free from tree to tree,

It blew the song away,
And all was still from wall to hill,
As an oyster in the bay.

“On the right! Assemble!” called the chief,
They rumble low and rattle,
And some threw off a hand or foot,
The same he’d lost in battle.
The second knocked the right man down,
The next one trips and goes,
And so it happened one by one
They fell where they arose.
The pale moon dipped behind a cloud
And all was dark and still,
But even yet unto this day
I see them bones at drill.

ABOARD THE TROOPSHIP.

Ridin' on the Givernment
Across the briny sea,
Lookin' for the halt-block
Where our next stop u'd be.

Settin' on an anchor stalk
Quiet as could be,
Lookin' at the fire break
In the twisted sea.

Put yer ear against the rail,
Hear the screw blades play,
Hear the engin's even pulse,
Steady night and day.

Stretch out on the foreward boom
To dream the night away,
Watch the stars chase forth and back
Like they were at play.

See the dipper—night by night,
Sinkin' in the sea,
See the cross a climbin' up
Watch-word like and free.

Settin' on a capstan
Lookin' wise about,
Waitin' for fatigue call,
All on board the boat.

Heard the waves a slashin'
At her iron sides,
Heard the boys a janglin'
As to where she rides.

'Way to port is water,
'Way to star-board too,
And front and aft is water,
Up-hill to the blue.

Heard a man say: "Jack-pot,"
And another: "Fifteen-two,"
Another sez: "I'll call you,"
And another: "I'll raise ye two."

One yelped out: "I'm beggin',"
Another he says "Check,"
And one, "A hundred aces;"
Says another: "Cut the deck."

O when yer eatin' swagin',
And half the boys are sick,

The wind whips somefin' in yer face,
That turns yer stomach quick.

Heard a man a singin'
An old love melody,
Heard another a throwin' up
His breakfast in the sea.

One sez: "I know the reason
"Why the sky is blue;
"The bloomin' water makes it,
"Paddy, what say you?"

An' Paddy sez: "I'm thinkin'—
"But it never yet has dawned,
"How in thunderin' creation
"We'll get across the pond.

"You see nów—we've been sailin'
"West for many a day,
"But now we've cross the Merid'n,
"And 'er goin' the other way.

"So we'll get back to 'Frisco
"In all brob-billities,
"And niver have a chance to show
"Our fightin' qualities."

“You’re talkin’ like an Indian:

“Now listen Pat, I’ll show

“You all about the Meridian:”

But I heard fatigue call blow.

Settin’ on a capstan

Lookin’ wise about,

Longin’ for the sick call—

All on board the boat.

Heard the chaplin’ preachin’,

For it was Sunday morn,

Heard the sergeant cursin’

The reason he was born.

And when I heard the sick call

Sez I: “My fever wills,

That I should fall in line and get

Some o’ them quinine pills.”

Fer no matter what your ail may be

You’ll get a pill that is,

The same they gave me yesterday

Fer siatic rhumatiz.

BALLAD OF THE PHANTOM SAGE.

War is Hell: and Hell the grave;
The Greek will tell us that,
Are they one and the same with different
name,
Who'll read us the riddle to that?
May we walk in life thro' the one,
While we lay our bones in the other?
May we jest as we toss to the wind
The dust of somebody's mother?*

These thoughts hung in my mind,
As I stood on a cossack post;
When a man glided out of the gloom,
Like a phantom glides after a ghost.
A man glided out of the gloom,
And halted close to my side,
I disobeyed orders "to halt,"
Yet had no desire to hide.

I could have dropped under the bank,
That guarded the river's edge,
I could have plunged into the heart
Of a prickley bamboo hedge.
I could have cried, "Call out the guard!"
Or darted behind a tree,

Or blow'd a hole thro' his head,
With my old forty-five-seventy.

But I had no thought of a man,
Such as we see in the ranks,
Nor that that a man should fear,
So much as the shadows of cranks;
But thought of lone mountain caves
And distant desert sands,
Of skies beyond our skies,
And lands beyond our land.

Grim visaged and old was he,
His hair was white as the swan,
But black as a crow in the night
Was the long silk gown he had on;
His long white locks were curls,
Way down to the girth of his waist,
They were tossed like silk by the breeze,
They were straightened and curled and
laced.

His eyes were bright as the fire
That glows in the electric spark,
But when we stood face to face,
They burned steel-blue in the dark.
And he said as he grasped my arm:

“Thy thoughts have bid me call
For I am a modern sage
And can quickly tell thee all.”

“Ye are but a common soul
With feeling and thought and fire,
Thy mind must run with thy mass
To that which is lower or higher:
Go down to the iron blast
Where the white-hot metal stands,
Where it runs from the furnace mouth
Out into the blistered sands.”

“Go down with balanced mind
If thou art willing to learn,
And pass thy hand thro’ the stream—
’Tis true it will not burn.
So that which is hot as hell
Is far too hot to burn,
And that which the fool hath solved
Shall be left for another to learn.”

“And since it is true of the one,
It will prove as a breath in the breeze,
That that which is cold as hell,
Is far too cold to freeze.”
Where is the hell ye fear?

Is it in thy mind or out
As the plane of thy life is raised
Or lowered or tossed about?

“For good is a curse to bad
As bad is a curse to good,
And the stronger the one may stand
Shows the test the other hath stood.
The one is essential to life,
Its absence must be deplored,
The other is builded in minds
Where truths of the one are ignored.”

“What thoughts have ye of the skies?
They are cold as an arctic drift,
And dark as a dungeon at night—
Now where is the good ye can sift?
What thoughts have ye of the sea
Where barren waves are curled?
What thoughts have ye of the earth
Where desert sands are whirled?”

“Thy measure is in thy mind
Of all that the earth can give,
But it shall never be full
If ye dream thro’ the life ye live.
For some shall ever be rich,

And some shall ever be poor,
And all shall be schooled to the rule—
That the best must the worst endure.”

“Ye are born to a bitter fate,
If ye idle good time away,
For the mind must burn the soul,
At thought of what’s lost in a day;
The earth is thy strength and growth,
Thy life and happiness lies,
In doing good to the good,
And helping the wicked to rise.”

I thought between his breaths
While the night breeze murmured low,
That if I should suddenly die,
O! where would I suddenly go.

I gazed on this guise of a man,
Would ask his name and grog;
But my tongue was still as a mill
That hadn’t a belt or a cog.
And my mind stood at a loss,
When I saw his bright eyes shine,
At the top of the Southern Cross,
Brighter than those of the sign.

But the profile face and form
 Were still before my eyes,
But moved away in the gloom
 And faded away in the skies.
I heard the muffled tramp
 Like that of prowling thief,
I challenged. These words came back:
 “Guard of the third relief!”

*In throwing up trenches beyond Paco
we uncovered the skeleton of a woman.

WHEN THE TROOPSHIP SAILS TO JAPAN.

*When the Troopship sails to Japan,
When the days of battle are done,
When the boys are recalling the frays
Where honor and valor have won:
When the land swell heaves the ship high,
And the typhoon rolls the ship low,
There's a wonder that brightens the eye,
There's a triumph that naught else can
know.*

Down at Nagasaki, where the mountains dip
In the deep blue channel close beside our
ship;
Watch the clouds a drifting 'gainst their
scraggy tops,
Listen to the rumble of the anchor as she
drops.

Give some Jap a nickle and take his broad
sampan,
Tell him where you want to go and he will
find your man;
Steady in the bow boys he'll scull us all
ashore,
He that runs a sampan with a crooked oar.

When you safely landed on the stony quay,
Find a man that understands what you want
to say;

Don't go out without a guide a strayin' off
alone,

Remember you can't find a place like you
could at home.

Watch the money changer or he will leave
you short,

Every soldier's ridin' in a ricksha like he
'ort.

Every soldier's ridin' but couldn't tell you
where,

Doesn't seem to understand and doesn't
pear to care.

Go up to Omori and climb for half a day
See the ugly wooden gods to whom the na-
tives pray:

Get a view of all the town—grandest thing
on earth—

Wish that you'd been fostered there ever
since your birth.

Go out on the railroad, stop at Michineu,
Get the hottest mineral bath a Yankee ever
knew.

Stop and see the gardens—'tis a wonder
treat

To see the Island Empire lying at your feet:
Mighty small in ratio and mighty great in
art;
Begin to think the heathen is most all-fired
smart.

See the queerest grave-yards on a ridge of
rock
Reaching from the mountain top almost to
the dock.
Tomb-stones are all undressed—just a
crooked mark—
Tells the number of a soul, dead and in the
dark.

When they feast the spirit everything is
grand,
A thousand paper lanterns shine on every
hand;
And music like the night-hawk's is rife
in every street,
And every bloomin' idol's got a crowd
about its feet.

Praying in a temple or chanting o'er a
grave,
Brings to you a terror, an inspiration wave;
But a thousand red and yellow lights from
mountain top to sea,

Is a far, far better eye feast than spirit feast
to me.

Japan is a wonder land full of wonder folk,
That never knew the virtue that is in the
Christian yoke.

Her flowers have no fragrance, her women
have no right,
And yet we long have known her as the
Oriental light.

The beauties of her scenery can never part
from me;
I long to solve the wonders that fringe the
inland sea.
But see the law and order and the wonder
work they do,
Make up your mind the heathen is just as
smart as you.

Suppose they all are heathen; what differ-
ence does it make?
Don't half the Christian people make a
worse mistake?
Better be a heathen with all your soul and
might,
Than understand the Bible and live behind
its light.

AT HONG KONG.

The sun shone on a glad spring day,
At Hong Kong, where our squadron lay.
And newsy yarns began to ring,
And jolly tars began to sing,
About the docks and on the bay,
In such a fiery sort of way,
That street folk heard 'n' 'gan to say,
“Them Yankees 'll start out some night
“An' like as not there'll be a fight.”

One day Dewey thought he'd go
Down to the English Club—you know—
To have a quiet little time,
And listen to the frosty chime
The champagne glasses made:—
It seemed his very soul to haunt—
To carry him back to old Vermont:
A cuttin' wood on a winter's day,
Er a waterin' hole down in the pond,
And hear the sleigh-bells ring—way
Out across the fields beyond.

Said an Englishman: “I just want to say,
“If you go down to Manila Bay,
“Your goin' to 'ave a 'ean o' trouble;

“Your ships ’ll go like fire an’ stubble,
“An’ if you don’t manœuvre well,
“You’ll ’ave a job on the seas o’ ’ell.
“I tell you George you’ll ’ave to fight,
“For they’ve got things fixed out o’ sight.”

“Well,” said Dewey, “if I do
“They’ll know they’ve been in a scrap or
two.

“I’ll give ’em a meal of Yankee steel
“Perhaps they’ll honor us with a zeal.
“But if I catch the beggars napping,
“Like they’ve been these hundred years,
“Results will set the nations laughing—
“All but but one: she’ll be in tears.
“I think a cruiser’s screaming shot
“Will change the id’s that they’ve got!”

He said no more; he sailed away,
No news came back for many a day.
But while the world was waiting,
A Spanish fleet lie grating,
(While waves roll o’er its decking—
In a solemn sort of way:
And hideous shark the waters sweep,
Where many gallant sailors sleep,
By their own guns in the unknown deep—)
At the bottom of famed Manila Bay.

THE SENTINEL'S SONG.

When the typhoon brings the breakers in
With long and sullen roar,
And the coco swings its basket top
To winds along the shore.
When the moon sinks low in the Western
sky
Across the China Sea,
My thoughts fly back across the world
To a Home-love calling me.
In a home-love far across the world,
Faces appear where the snows are
whirled!

O still are hours at dead of night!
And stiller yet the Guard,
His eyes search in the stubborn dark,
His hope is with the Lord.
His hope to winnow out the night—
For he hasn't a shadow of show,
The foe could steal up unawares
And stand at his bent elbow:
The foe could stand at your bent
elbow,

Strike out your life with his keen
bolo.

We'll leave the guard in the jungle deep,
The winds in the upper air,
The nigger that steals upon your back,
The spear thrust unaware:
And hie away to a brighter place
Tho' only in thought it be,
Where joy is joy and death is death
In the home-love of the free:
Where joy and life are full and free,
And safe from dangers that threaten
me.

Other Verse

MADRIGAL.

As sets the sun in cloudless space,
So clear our minds should ever be,
And in each thought allow to trace,
Some axiom of a fair degree.

Remote from copyed facts may rise,
Some burst of luxury or fame,
There by one step we might devise,
A home of love; a worthy name.

How oft we falter on the edge
Of thoughts sublime or moral gift,
Tho' pure and free, remote from dredge,
How oft' we set ourselves adrift.

Trust not the margins' treacherous sands,
Nor in the darkness need we stray;
For there no business firmly stands;
No light excludes the beams of day.

How vile is he who prizes much,
But casts no anchor drifts along;
How vile is she who fancies such,
And cheers him on with smile and song.

In every corner there abides,
Some moral thought for you and me;
There, too, beam forth unnumbered prides;
Of these from false ones let us be.

IN SPRINGTIME.

Sweet are sounds that fill the air,
When the leaves again appear;
When the winds with martial sound
Wake the armies of the ground;
When cold winter howls alone
In his everlasting home—
Hark! 'Tis nature's reville
Calling up her infantry.

Gold must hide all he can buy
When spring's matchless train goes by;
When the lark's celestial song
Cheers the hardy plowman on:
When the daisies from beneath
Blade of grass and sprig of heath,
Peep, like one afraid to show
Half his brightness here below;
Lest the needy flock might gain
Title to his squandered fame.

When the giant trees arouse
From their sleep; and clothe their boughs
With unnumbered dots of green,
Where beneath the sunlight sheen,
Falls in clusters on the ground:

Baby sunbeams dance and bound,
While the breezes gently play,
Thro' the branches all the day.

In the cool and courtly shade
By the leaf-trim'd forest made,
Comes a murmur slow and low,
From the brooklet far below,
Spreading o'er the grassy lawn,
Each soft note directs the swan:
Or the wild duck in his flight
Rests upon the stream at night.

When at morning and at night
Every heart filled with delight,
Every hand for ready work,
Every brain for duty broke,
Every eye unweaves a net.
Every ear for wisdom set:

Nature's beauty wealth can spy;
Nor need poverty pass by
Without viewing her sweet forms;
What is life without her charms!
O, when may erudition break,
Within the walls and not mistake,
A single thing in nature's row,
Or why the God has made it so.'

DOWN ON THE AMAZON.

I love the sight of broad lagoon ;
Where the winds are soft and low,
Where ripples sing a merry rune,
And the pale light from the distant moon
Streams through the foliage in bloom
With measured beat and slow :
And shadows sway as they steal along—
At East Branch, down on the Amazon.

I sit and watch the rustling reeds,
Where the tit-wren builds his nest ;
Where the lazy alligator feeds,
And bright finch through the night-air
leads
A host that fortune never needs
To earn mankind a rest :
And my heart is thrill'd with the mid'night
song—
At East Branch, down on the Amazon.

I hear a splash far down the shore
Where the drowsy tapirs wade ;
And shadows pass where the night-birds
soar,

And I hear the dip of the boatman's oar,
And the jaguar glides along the shore,

On his midnight forage raid :

Where grasses are cropped by the spotted
fawn—

At East Branch, down on the Amazon.

Each sound and motion has its place

'Mong sights so grand and gay ;

And if your thoughts for a moment chase

About the poles, each ice-bound race

Dream of their heaven in such a place

Nor know which way the way.

And I long to join the sights that throng—

At East Branch, down on the Amazon.

And I think of my home where chop-seas
roll,

My home by the Northern Lakes ;

In the temperate zone so hot and cold,

Of forest and field, of pasture and fold,

Where the young are growing swiftly old

From the quickening pulse time makes.

And my thoughts glide swiftly on and on—

At East Branch, down on the Amazon.

Yet who shall know of things to be

At foot of rolling rill?
Who shall sing one song of glee
When throbbing tropic zone they see
Where sounds are wrapped in melody
And life is wild and still?
Where grandeur passes all scenes beyond—
At East Branch, down on the Amazon.

FOUR GREAT GODS.

Three Great Gods came out of the East
And one came out of the West!
They all sat down upon the earth
And preached that the earth was bles't.

And man with his little wind-blown wit
Struggled from North to South,
For the four Great Gods hung over all,
The poor, the rich, the great, the small,
And steeped the minds of the powerful,
And taught thro' a tongueless mouth.

And the greatest God of all the Four—
Bright to the mind's eye—sunny!
And Him the tribes of all who knows—
From the northern fies to the southern
 snows
Worshipped, and nicknamed "Money."

The second God came out of the East
From where the Pig-tails come,
And Him all nations bow'd before,
While He filled their minds with dreams
 galore,

And they named Him "O-pi-um."

Then a third came out of the dark
To fashion the minds of all;
To Him the wise from all the earth
Whistled and sang in drunken mirth,
And christened Him "Al-co-hol."

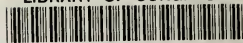
The fourth Great God came out of the West!
And He was strong and lean,
And all the nations hurried forth,
From all the South and all the North
They called Him "Nico-tine."

And here ye have the Four Great Gods
That change the minds of men,
As a lean cayote upon the plains
Changes the fat sage-hen.

There are many Gods upon the earth
For which men have a thirst,
But none is loved with such a love
As the one I taught you first.

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